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HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

No. 3.

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A FAITHFUL ANIMAL.

A FEW years ago there lived on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean in the State of Maine, a fisherman whose poverty daily compelled him to follow his avocation upon the water in order to sustain his wife and little son. As a protector of his loved ones at home he had a large, strong dog, whose fidelity to the family had, on more than one occasion, been proved.

One day the little boy, as was his custom, walked down to the water's edge to look for his father. Not seeing the object of his search he commenced to throw stones into the water, watching with joyful interest the ripples they made. But alas! he thoughtlessly came too close to the bank, made a misstep and fell into the briny fluid. He uttered a cry of distress, but no person was near to answer; still, relief was at hand, for the faithful dog, who was within sound of the child's voice, rushed to the shore, and beholding the form of his little master being quickly borne away by the tide, plunged into the water and rescued his almost lifeless companion.

Reaching the shore he carefully laid the child across his fore-legs and set up such a piteous howl that the mother's attention was soon called. She hastened in the direction from whence the sound came, and, to her horror, discovered what had happened. Hastily, though tenderly, was the little

boy carried home, and with proper care, was soon out of all danger. Among those who were grateful for the child's restoration, none seemed more pleased than the faithful animal who had rescued him from a watery grave.

Many are the incidents related in regard to the dog, his sagacity and faithfulness when attached to anyone. A French writer of some experience relates the following of how smugglers, living near the sea-shore in France, caused their dogs to perform their nefarious work:



"At night these animals were laden, each with a parcel of goods proportioned to its size; except one alone, who was their leader, and went without any burden. The crack of a whip was the signal for them to set out. The leader traveled a little distance before the rest; and if he perceived the traces of any stranger, he returned to the

other dogs; these either took a different way, or, if the danger was pressing, concealed themselves behind the hedges, and lay close till the patrol had passed. When they arrived at the habitation of their master's associate, they hid themselves in the neighboring fields and hedges, while their leader went to the house and scratched at the door or barked till he was admitted, when he lay quietly down, as at home: by this the smuggler knew that the caravan was come; and, if the coast was clear, he went out, when he gave a loud whistle,

and the dogs came running to him from their several hiding places."

Sir Henry Lee of the English aristocracy, during his life owned a mastiff who saved both the master and his property. A servant had formed the design of murdering Sir Henry and of then robbing the house. The night for the consummation of the act arrived. The owner retired, as usual, to rest, and his dog, whom he had seldom noticed, followed him and ensconced himself under the bed. There he remained until the unfaithful servant stealthily approached the bed to accomplish his hellish design, when the dog flew at and held him fast. The would-be murderer was thus secured, and afterwards acknowledged the intent of his heart in entering his master's room.

That dogs can be trained to act in various ways as though possessed of almost human intelligence, has been proven to many who have witnessed the performances of the many trained dogs which are exhibited in various places. And even with very little care and attention the dog can be made very useful in numerous ways.

W O R K .

BY W. J.

WORK is action. Action is life. Inaction is death. The flowing stream is active, filled with life, and is life-giving and life-sustaining in its nature. The stagnant pool is inactive, and sends forth a death-dealing miasma. The normal condition of nature is action, progress—either to perfection or decomposition. Mortal man is governed by the same law. Action is necessary to his progress—his *life* depends on it. Just conceive an entirely inactive man. This, strictly speaking, may be pronounced an impossibility, because while life exists, action goes on in him independent of the exercise of his own will; and action depending on his will may not entirely cease: this may also be declared equally impossible; but the conception may be extended sufficiently to illustrate the point in question. Let the arm be allowed to remain inactive, never moving or using it for any purpose, and it would shrink, wither and die. Let the brain be unused—not exercised even as the brute brain is exercised in the matter of securing support or protection, and in process of time what better would it be, or how much more intelligent, than any other mass of matter which helps to form the human system? The same law is applicable to other members of the body. Action, therefore, is essential to the existence and usefulness of limb, brain and body—they must perform their legitimate functions, or weakness, decay and death ensue.

Work is a necessity of our probative condition. Let man cease to work, let the toiling millions of Adam's race stop their use of brain and muscle, and what an indescribable condition of things would soon exist? Agriculture would cease. Manufactures would stop. Commerce would be unknown. The cheerful hum of busy industries would be unheard. The depopulation of a beautiful earth would follow. And what good would such an earth be, traveling in its orbit without an inhabitant? But such a condition will not exist. The earth was made for man. Man was made for the earth. He draws his support from it and beautifies it. Work is essential

to his being. He has performed it, and will continue to do so in fulfillment of the law of his being.

"There is no excellence without labor." The young man should not deceive himself with the belief that he can reach eminence without it. His being born with the proverbial "silver spoon in his mouth" might *help* him, but he must work to *win*, and *win* to *wear*. Great men have been great workers. It was not by luck, or accident, or fortune, or anything but persistent industry and continuous hard work, as a rule, by which they achieved distinction in their various pursuits.

Sir Joshua Reynolds asserted that "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work willing or unwilling, morning, noon and night, and they will find it no play, but very hard labor."

If a young man would be physically vigorous, muscular and strong, he must exercise the members of his body, reasonably, so as not to violate the laws of his being, and he will attain his object. The reason is simple. The various parts of the body are fed and built up by the blood. Good food makes good blood. Bodily exercise quickens the action of the blood, and it therefore deposits more of its life-giving, strengthening and sustaining particles. If one desires an active, powerful brain, let him give that organ proper exercise, and its activity, its influence and its power will increase. Whenever it is engaged in debate, in proclaiming the truth, or in defending the right, and especially if the heart is co-operating with it, how active it becomes! This exercise adds to its strength and usefulness, and makes it a mighty servant of man as an organ of the mind.

Work, work, and nothing but work, is not the spirit of this article. The old maxim puts it thus: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." True; but what will all play and no work make him? "An idle brain is the devil's workshop, and a lazy man the devil's bolster." To work is to be happy. Many men find their greatest pleasure in working faithfully at their various avocations and pursuits. Such men are seldom discouraged by obstacles or defeat—they try, try again, and success is generally the result. Newton wrote his chronology fifteen times over before he was satisfied with it. Hume wrote thirteen hours a day in preparing the "History of England." Sir Matthew Hale studied bard for many years at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and when a little weary of study in law he would take recreation in the study of philosophy and mathematics. Elihu Burritt, while working and earning his living as a blacksmith, mastered about eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. And can proficiency in art, science, religion or anything else be reached without application, perseverance and labor of mind and body?

Honest work is no disgrace. The honest laborer may stand proudly erect in the image of his Maker. He clears the forest and makes the wilderness blossom and bear fruit. He plows, sows, harvests and produces the staff of life to feed earth's teeming millions—and he clothes them, too! He burrows and delves into the earth and brings forth its hidden treasures for use and ornamentation. He builds the ships, he plows the main, he bridges the rivers, he tunnels the mountains, he builds the mansions and furnishes them, he grasps the lightning and makes it his servant, and does many, very many things besides, for a "spark of Deity" is in him, and he takes much pleasure in this continual work, work, work!

Some object to work, and try to shirk it; but work is God's law. "Six days shalt thou labor," does more than merely define the time within which the work is to be done—it commands labor to be performed *during* those six days. "But," it is objected, "work is a curse brought upon us through the fall." But let us see if this objection is entirely correct. The Lord said unto Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." This curse—having thorns, thistles, and so forth, to contend with, caused Adam extra work, very likely; but was he excused from work? Had he nothing to do before the curse and fall? The answer is to be found in the 15th verse of the second chapter of Genesis: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Further, not only is mortal man required to work, and immortal man to act in the capacity of a gardener, but God Himself works. "What presumption!" says one, "God created the heaven and the earth." "He made the firmament." He "made two great lights," and "set them in the firmament." He made the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, the "beasts of the earth," and "man in His own image;" and He also "planted the garden" in which He set Adam to work. Now this was not done without effort. It was all done according to eternal laws, the carrying out of which involved more or less labor.

Therefore, let the youth of Israel work industriously and wisely, securing useful knowledge every day; learning *how* to do the will of God on earth, and doing it, too, thus escaping the fate of the idler in Zion; and continuing to live and labor for faith in God, and the knowledge and power of God, until they, like Him, are filled with knowledge and power, and can go forth into space and show their knowledge and power by their work of organizing, peopling, protecting, providing for, redeeming and celestializing numberless earths like this on which we dwell, and continuing their God-like work while eternal ages roll.

"Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to your pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! good labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."

A SKETCH OF PIONEER LIFE IN UTAH.

BY R. C. ATWOOD.

AMONG the pioneers who came to this country in 1847, and returned to Winter Quarters at Council Bluffs the same year, was the man who subsequently became my husband. We first met early in the Spring of '48, and in a short time we were married. In one month we were on our way to the valley in President B. Young's company. In just four months to a day we arrived here, it being on the 19th of September. We had a small store of provisions, a little clothing, our team and our hands with which to help ourselves. We found our new home a barren desert, with the exception of a

few patches of ground which the pioneers had broken up and planted. Scarcely a tree or a shrub was to be seen and not more than one or two houses outside the fort.

My husband made enough adobes to rear a house of two small rooms and with much difficulty he obtained the lumber to cover the roof, lay the floor and make the doors. In the erection of this abode, wooden pins were used exclusively instead of nails, as the latter were so very hard to obtain. The house was lighted with six broken panes of glass which he procured by plastering for a neighbor by candle light. Our furniture consisted of one chair with a raw-hide seat, a bedstead hewn out with an ax, a cupboard of three rough shelves in a corner of the room, and a table.

On the 23rd of December we moved into our humble dwelling with joy and gratitude to our Heavenly Father that we had so good a habitation to shield us from the piercing cold and storms of Winter. Until then we had lived in our wagon. The snow had already fallen and covered the earth to the depth of a foot or more and the hungry wolves could be heard prowling about at night in search of food. One night they came near enough to take a chicken from the back of the wagon where we had retired to rest. The wild Indians, also, were roaming about by day and begging for food. Our store of provisions being very scant we had to put ourselves on very small rations. By some means we obtained a little musty corn-meal which served to make our flour last longer. Our fuel was wood from the canyon, and, our team being poor and little food for it to eat, it was with difficulty we obtained even wood. As a light we were thankful to get tallow candles.

When Spring opened we found ourselves almost entirely without food and had to subsist chiefly on herbs and roots for a time. Here we were in the heart of a desert, a thousand miles away from civilization without food or nearly so, the soil barren and forbidding. In this time of want and destitution of food and raiment, Heber C. Kimball stood up in the midst of the people and prophesied that within six months clothing and provisions would be sold in Salt Lake City as cheap as in St. Louis. We marveled and wondered how this would come to pass. Strange as it was, in less than six months the emigrants from the States *en route* to the gold regions of California came laden with clothing, provisions, implements of husbandry, cooking utensils and other articles of household furniture not necessary for a journey. Their teams were nearly worn out so they were obliged to sell at a very low rate to lighten their burdens. Some sold their wagons and packed their animals for the remainder of the journey. In this way Brother Kimball's prophecy was fulfilled.

I will here relate an incident of our seed time: My husband had taken a lot of land near what is now called the Sugar House Ward. He took his team and went to plow and prepare it for the seed. In due time he went to plant his corn and he found the ground as dry as ashes to a great depth. It seemed impossible to him for the seed ever to germinate in such a soil. He planted the seeds, however, knowing that if he did not plant he surely could not reap. He came home at night hungry, faint and weary. I was also very weary from the labors of the day. We had planted a garden near the house and I brought water from the City Creek in pails every day to water it (the creek then flowed down the east side of Main Street); and the water made the ground as hard as an adobe. We partook of our scanty meal and prepared to retire to rest. We then bowed ourselves before the Lord to implore His blessing to rest upon us. His Spirit did rest upon us powerfully in the gift of tongues and the interpreta-

tion of the same. My husband commenced praying in his own language and suddenly he broke out in an unknown tongue. I understood what he said. At first it was a reproof from the Lord for our unbelief. It was thus: "Have I not brought you all this way from the land of your enemies to this goodly land? and I will bless this land for my people's sake, if they will put their trust in me, and it shall bring forth in great abundance of grass, grain and vegetables of every kind, fruit also, of the choicest kind, and your tables shall be loaded with the best fruits of the earth. Only put your trust in me. Plant and you shall reap."

We arose and retired to rest, but not to sleep. Sleep had departed from our eyes. We were filled with wonder, love and admiration. We could not doubt more. We went to work with fresh courage. The earth yielded more and more each succeeding year, and in the year 1850, my husband reaped forty bushels of wheat per acre. Our garden also produced choice vegetables. But when the ground commenced to produce, we found that our trials were not at an end. The grass-hoppers came in alarming numbers and destroyed our crops. A field of wheat that was looking fresh and promising, would, in a few hours, look as bare as the street.

My husband was called on a mission to England in 1852, and left me at home with one little girl, two years old. Our eldest child had died from the effects of a burn four months previously. He, with three other Elders, fitted up a team to cross the plains. After his clothing and provisions were furnished he had eighty cents left which he gave me, thus going without purse or scrip. The next Summer I kept a small school in my house to help me to live. I also had my lot sowed with wheat which came up and looked very promising; but one day the grass-hoppers came in vast numbers, and settled down on my wheat. I knew it would soon be devoured unless something was done. A thought came into my mind to call the school children together and have them form a line by joining hands, and walk through the wheat. I did so, and the devourers arose in a body and went in a north-easterly direction and disappeared behind the mountains, and never returned. The wheat grew and came to maturity and when it was harvested I had some to lend to my neighbors. Until this time, however, I had found it very difficult to get bread-stuff. Many days in succession I subsisted on one tablespoonfull of corn meal a day made into gruel. I had a very little flour, but kept it for my child.

About this time a few good sisters got up a picnic for the missionaries' wives. I was one of the favored guests. That was one of the days I shall never forget. The table was spread with a nice variety of food for the times. We partook with thankful hearts. The sisters at the same time administering words of comfort and blessing, and prophesying that that day should be the beginning of better times; and truly it was so for me, for on my return home I found a sack of corn-meal in my house, another of potatoes and my cow, which had been lost for some time, was standing in the yard.

When we had our houses built we used to assemble ourselves together on Winter evenings to sing and to pray, and sometimes to enjoy ourselves in the dance. We were all nearly equal in worldly goods. We thought ourselves well dressed with a clean calico dress and sun-bonnet. We enjoyed ourselves and were happy. Before the brethren were able to build a place of worship we held our Sabbath meetings in the open air when the weather would admit. In the Spring after their crops were in, the men would turn out with their teams

and haul poles and green boughs from the canyon. With these a bowery was built to shield us from the searching rays of the sun. There was everything to be done and everybody was busy. There were no drones, and truly the place could well be called the hive of Deseret. All things were done under the direction of our noble and much-loved president and leader, Brigham Young.

Now, my young readers, I will leave you to contrast our present surroundings with that of the early settlers of these valleys and see if the Lord has not verified His promises to His people.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 19.)

THE season of 1848 was a very dry one, the roads were dusty, the grass was scarce. The teams in the companies were heavily loaded, and in consequence, the traveling was slow and tedious. Sixty-three days were occupied in traveling from the Elkhorn river to the last crossing of the Sweetwater, at an average of twelve miles per day, the companies resting twenty-two days, including Sundays, to recruit and strengthen the cattle. The loss of cattle on the route was considerable; and it is a fact worthy of notice here that the percentage of deaths of cattle on the plains has always been much greater in trains where cattle brought from the States were worked than in those in which cattle raised in these valleys were used. Trains have been sent from here many seasons to bring up the poor. In going and returning the cattle have traveled upwards of two thousand miles, yet the loss of life among them has been very small. They are accustomed to the kind of feed to be met with on the plains, and will not eat poisonous grasses, or drink alkali water, as many cattle raised in the States do.

President Young's company was divided into four divisions on the 16th of July, for greater convenience in traveling; and about the same time Brother Kimball's company was divided. Traveling in small companies where grass was scarce was much better for the cattle, and more pleasant for the people, for the dust created by the traveling of a large company of several hundred wagons was very disagreeable.

Fearing that Dr. Richards and Amasa Lyman's company might be weak in teams, Presidents Young and Kimball sent letters by express to them, counseling them, if in difficulty for the want of cattle, to keep their companies together and continue moving so as to get west of the South Pass, and to send word what their circumstances were and what help they required. They expected to send them all the assistance they needed from the valley. These companies behind were kept well informed of the progress of those ahead of them from the communications left on the way. Sometimes a copy of the camp journal was written and placed in a notch in a tree in some prominent place, sometimes in a post stuck in the ground; but whenever a large buffalo skull or other suitable bones were found near the road, pencils were called into use and some particulars were written on them. In this way much information was communicated to those behind, as very few teamsters who had pencils ever passed good white bones, suitable for writing on, without picking them up or stopping to scribble something on them. In those days buffalo were very numerous on the plains and their skulls were plentifully scattered over the ground.

The first of President Young's company arrived in Salt Lake Valley on the 20th of September, and President Kimball's a few days after. In the first company one boy was drowned in the Elkhorn river, a child of 34 days, and a woman of 45 years died, and two persons had their legs broken. Some other slight accidents also occurred. Several children were born on the route. In the last company a girl of six years was killed and a woman of 28 years died, and several children were born. The health of the people was remarkably good, and no better argument in favor of plain, and even meagre living and out-door exercise can be adduced than the excellent health enjoyed by the Saints in crossing the plains in those years and in the first settlement of this valley. There was but little variety of food and the allowance was very scanty; the people dwelt in tents, and a good covered wagon as a bed room was a luxury that very many did not have; yet good health and vigor were almost universal.

Teams and wagons were sent back in charge of Elder Jedediah M. Grant to assist President Willard Richards and Amasa Lyman's company. The first of the last-named company arrived in Salt Lake Valley on October the 10th, and President Richards and company on the 19th.

The first presidency of the Church were gladly welcomed by the people who were residents of the valley. They rejoiced in the wonderful care and preserving mercies of the Lord which had been over them from the time they left Illinois. The Lord had blessed them in the wilderness; He had fed them, delivered them from the many dangers to which they were exposed and led them to a safe and healthy retreat, far distant from their former persecutors. The spirit of peace brooded over this land, and having been harassed and annoyed by mobs they could appreciate the security which they now enjoyed. Their past experience caused them to feel humble. They were not lifted one above another, by one being in possession of more riches than another, for they were nearly equal in worldly circumstances, and this caused them to be more equal in heavenly things. One could not feel proud because he had a better house, finer furniture, more fashionable clothing, a greater variety of food, or any of those things of which men are apt to be vain; for there was but little difference in the houses, in the furniture, in the clothing or in the food of the people at that time. They were what we would now call very poor; but they were a people blessed of the Lord, and were happy; they were obedient to counsel, and were patient and long-suffering. Their hearts were tender and the words of the servants of God had power with them, for their experience of the Lord's goodness unto them was too recent to forget that in perfect obedience alone there was safety. Thieving, drunkenness, profanity, litigation and strife were almost unknown. If there were misunderstandings, they were easily settled or removed by the Teachers, the Bishops or the High Council.

THE road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The more tender the feelings, the more painful the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced by an uproar of derision.

NIGHT SCENES IN A GREAT CITY.

THIRD NIGHT.

BY KENNON.

(Continued from page 21.)

WE were both aroused by the entrance of the joyful attendant. He had come to retail his little store of facts and speculations about these new subjects.

"Precious fine looking chaps, aren't they? Brothers they are. Committed suicide together. Heard their sister had disgraced herself, and so each one shot himself."

So short a chapter to tell so much! I could turn now and look at them. The bodies were stretched out to their full six feet each, naked, cold and white. The marble beneath them had as much warmth and color. The men had been young and comely. They had differed little in age, and were wonderfully like each other in face and form. Each had yellow, waving hair massed about his head and neck. Each had wide-staring, blue, glassy eyes. Each had large, but clear-cut features. And each had—oh, last dreadful resemblance! each had a little round, dark spot just over his heart showing where the messenger of death had entered to perform its awful work.

What motives of cowardice or courage had led these two strong men to thus voluntarily step in one second from this world into futurity? I wondered if the wayward sister yet lived; and if so, whether she knew of this sacrifice made because of her dishonor. It was a sad, black mystery.

All the time the icy spray fell upon the bodies. Looking at them intently they seemed to grow more and more clammy until they fairly oozed. I grew to hate that unknown sister whose folly or sin had brought her two brothers so low; and at the same time, the awful respect in which I had held the dead degenerated into a contempt for the intelligence of men who would attempt to wipe away a stain by suicide.

While I had been reflecting without listening, Flynn had jotted down his notes of the story; and we were ready to resume our meanderings. We walked away silently from the morgue. He was unusually thoughtful; self-murder always impresses people who have morbid or even philosophic temperaments. I said nothing, for I, too, had something on my mind; and I failed to ask the particulars of the case, because I knew that the morning paper would contain a full report, and in the meantime I wanted to reflect upon the matter.

From the morgue we went successively to the several branch police stations. As the hour grew later, we found them more and more busy. We waited a few minutes at each, and a horrible time of waiting it was. From the long rows of cells in the rear there came constantly a roar of profanity, broken at intervals by 'the wildest' shrieks, to which my misfortunes ever made me a listener. And scarcely five minutes seemed to elapse from the registry of one prisoner until another was brought in. The brutal familiarity with which the guardians of the public peace and morals treated the offenders and laughed at their crimes was something appalling. No prisoner, however sinful or wretched, was safe from their disgusting wit. They seemed to be taking part in some very enjoyable comedy.

Flynn did not make any notes. When I asked him why, he answered: "No doubt, to your uninitiated mind, this scene is distressing. You think that whole chapters might be

written upon the subject and still leave it unexhausted. Well, you are right. But the newspaper which would open its columns to such matter, would be extremely unpopular with the 'better' class of readers. It is not because the sins of their fellow-beings shock them, but because the misery of guilt is so extremely annoying. Suppose I give with all the vigor and fidelity I can master, a picture of these scenes; I tell how this offender committed theft to save himself, and possibly his wife and children, from starvation: how the abject wretch who was last dragged in here senseless with drink, was once an industrious workman, but, being driven to idleness by a misdirected strike, has become a sot: how the poor girl who is even now weeping in the captain's office and listening to the unmanly speeches of two of her blue-coated captors, was brought to this fate by the machinations of a scion of the 'better' class—suppose I find the facts which lie behind this squalid show of sin and learn the misery and pathos which half these cases possess, will I please or offend my paper and its readers? Ours is an aristocratic sheet. It visits the houses of the rich. They are our best patrons. They love to read of great crimes—of murders, robberies, burglaries, suicides; but of the filthy stratum which underlies the crust of high-class sin, they will have none. Banker Bragg sits at his luxurious breakfast table and idly scans the news. He is perfectly comfortable. Shall I disturb him. No, not I. I have a very profound veneration for the sensitiveness of Banker Bragg's selfishness. And so while I may invite some grand rascal to breakfast with the banker and feel confident that the brilliant rogue would be well received, I am not so ill-bred as to drag in unannounced and place at his table the bread-thief or the drunkard, or the betrayed maiden, whose miseries make them transgressors of the laws. Want has a very disagreeable odor in the nostrils of plenty."

It was one o'clock when we again reached the central police station. Here the scenes of the branch jails were re-enacted. Every few minutes would be dragged in some man or woman, howling mad with drink; or a petty thief or vagrant caught pilfering or begging from late foot-passengers; or a woman, ready to weep with sadness, beneath her brazen mask.

One of this last class attracted especial attention the moment she was brought in. She walked without assistance, and her head was bowed.

Flynn whispered, "Her first appearance, probably; though her unfortunate kind usually are introduced here howling and in a flood of tears." She was young apparently, and was dressed in deep black. Was she mourning for something she had lost irrevocably? She stood before the clerk's desk, and when asked her name answered in a low, constrained voice. I could not hear what she said, but one of the officers who had brought her to prison called out loudly, "It's not Magdalene anything. Your name is Ruth Ulrich." He spoke so eagerly and triumphantly that I felt certain he must be wreaking a petty vengeance. The woman bowed her head still lower, and shook with emotion.

As the name was uttered Flynn gave a great start and uttered, "What a horrible coincidence!"

The clerk made the necessary entry on his books, and then ordered the officers to search the prisoner and take off her hat and wraps. They touched her with less freedom than they had shown toward her sisters. Something in her silent shame and sorrow—almost dignified, was impressing these men. When they took off her cloak and hat, her hair fell upon her shoulders, and she looked up with an appealing, woeful glance such

as the real Magdalene wears in the great pictures. It was now my turn to be astonished. Her face was like the face of the dead—like the dead we had recently seen—like the dead brothers at the morgue. I gasped to my friend, "She is their sister!"

"Yes," he answered, "I recognized her name. Evidently she has not heard all that her sin has wrought."

In searching the girl the officers found a purse with two or three gold-pieces; and they asked her if she wanted to leave the money as security for her appearance. She had not known that such a thing was possible; but she eagerly accepted. When her wraps were restored to her she said in an agonized tone, "Now let me go quickly!"

An officer showed her the way out; and when she was gone, Flynn said, "Our work here is ended. And I must leave you to find your own way home while I go to the office to work."

We parted and I went to my room. As soon as the morning paper came, I opened it feverishly, and there I found the story of the morgue and the prison.

Mine was not the only interested eye that saw it; for that night there was a woman's corpse at the morgue, which had been taken out of the bay early during the afternoon. Sewed in her pocket was a little purse which was empty except for a slip of paper bearing these words: "I now atone my sin. Bury me with my brothers. Ruth Ulrich."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ANNIVERSARY OF SISTER ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH'S BIRTH-DAY.

MONDAY, January 21, 1884, was the 80th anniversary of the birthday of Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith, and a number of her lady friends arranged for a birth-day party to be held at the Social Hall. There were upwards of 200 persons present on the occasion, all prompted to be present by a desire to do honor to the venerable lady. The occasion was most interesting, and the time was spent in making brief addresses, giving recitations, songs, etc., supper was also served to the guests.

Old age is beautiful when combined with physical and mental preservation. This is the case with this venerable lady. She is capable of undergoing an amount of fatigue that would tire many a woman half her age, and her mental faculties seem to be in full vigor. Under such circumstances life is a pleasure.

Her life has exhibited, as fully as any woman's in the Church, what can be done by determined purpose, guided by wisdom. Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith has made her mark in her generation. Always a busy woman, her late years have been crowded with labors, the fruits of which will be felt, I believe, for generations to come. It has been a time of organization, and she and her co-workers have had a splendid field in which to labor. The relief societies, the young ladies' mutual improvement associations, and the primary schools have all been benefitted by her counsels.

The meeting on Monday evening was a most suggestive one in many respects. It is not too much to say that we are engaged in laying the foundation of a new civilization, and the ladies of our people, of whom Sister Snow Smith is the leader, are performing a noble and wonderfully influential part in the work. The impression throughout

Christendom is that woman's education and elevation are incompatible with the system of plural marriage; that where that system prevails woman's degradation is sure to follow; that she must of necessity occupy an inferior place to that which her sex fills under the system of monogamy. These ideas are derived from the position occupied by women in Oriental lands, and one of the chief arguments used with women to excite their prejudices against the system of plural marriage has been of this character. Reflecting men and women have denied that such results were the inevitable accompaniment of plural marriage. It has been repeatedly asserted that there was no good reason why woman should not progress and maintain her position side by side with man under the system of plural marriage, and be developed to fully as great an extent as under the monogamic system. In fact philosophic thinkers among us have perceived that under the system of plural marriage it was possible for woman to achieve a higher position intellectually and as the help-meet of man and the mother of his children than she possibly could in monogamy. Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith and her co-workers are proving the truth of this. Already the progress of the sex in every proper direction in this Territory is a cause of happiness and gratulation to all who witness it. Plural marriage has not degraded women in this Territory. It is true that a dissatisfied, discontented, unhappy woman, whether in plural marriage or in monogamy, makes no progress. She droops and sinks under imaginary, but what to her are real troubles, and she ceases to be a factor of any importance in the body politic. A woman so constituted, whether the only wife of one man, or the plural wife of a man, is alike unhappy. But where women exercise their powers and cultivate self-reliance, leaning upon God for the strength which He is ready to give, her opportunities for development under plural marriage are greater than usually afforded under the system of monogamy. She becomes, in some respects, the head of her family, and from the nature of the case is compelled to assume responsibility that under other circumstances she would not feel. With a properly constituted woman this calls forth her full powers. There is a necessity for their exercise, and she rises to the exigency of the position and exhibits a strength and power which surprises herself as well as those who are around her. She ceases to lean upon man to the extent that she would do were she not compelled to assume the duties and responsibilities connected with the charge of her children and her household. Experience is gained; strength is developed; the power of governing is called into exercise; selfishness and self-ease are sacrificed, and the perfect type of womanhood is brought forth.

I believe that to-day there are to be found in this Territory more of these perfect women for the number of our population than can be found anywhere else in the world. Grand, noble, unselfish women have brought their weaknesses and their inclinations into subjection to the higher law of God and have obtained a strength, dignity of character, and superiority of manner, that lift them up above the ordinary level of their sex. They stand on a higher plane and are fitted, by the conflicts which they have endured and in which they have triumphed, to become the fitting partners of intelligent, intellectual and pure men.

These are the results which are being wrought out in this Territory; not so rapidly as to call forth surprise, but still to the observant so rapidly as to give promise of a glorious future. Women in this Territory have a grand sphere of usefulness opened for them. They labor in a field to which there is no

bound. Their opportunities for usefulness are unequalled, and in every legitimate labor which they undertake they have the aid and the encouragement of the other sex. The incentive to become intelligent, to comprehend principle, to be strong, is greater here than in any other community that we know anything of, and I am gratified to see that our sisters are availing themselves of the grand opportunities which are furnished them for usefulness and progress. The effect of their examples upon the rising generation will be of immense value, and as the generations roll by nobler types of womanhood will be developed, until the penalty that was laid upon woman in the beginning, that "thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee," will be repealed, and she will stand side by side with man, full of that queenly dignity and self-control which will make her his suitable companion rather than his inferior.

Much of the intellectual movement among our sisters is due to the example and influence of Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith. She and her co-workers have labored diligently to elevate their sex and to inspire them with an ennobling and holy ambition. That which they are doing to-day is not valued as it will be in days to come. It will require the historian of another generation to award them the credit that is due to their self-sacrificing and loving labors. But the credit due to them, however long it may be postponed, will yet be given them, and their names will stand out bright in the annals of this people in the days of power yet to come.

WINTER.

BY J. C.

THE balmy breath of Spring is sweet,
And Summer scenes are fair,
And mellow Autumn is replete
With tints rich, sweet and rare;
Yet, these, with all their charms to bless
And soothe my cup of woe,
Affect me not to value less
The bliss of virgin snow.

I love to hear the tiny sled,
The youngster drags along,
Hum music to his guileless tread
And chorus to his song.
And what a treat it is to see
The youths from school let out,
Romp in the snow, with harmless glee
And toss their mates about!

I love to hear the sleigh-bells chime,
Athwart the downy street
As snorting trotters beat the time
With fleet and muffled feet,
And what a joy it gives, to stand
And muse, in early morn,
On gorgeous robes, from Fairyland
That trees and shrubs adorn.

And when the orb of day appears
And mist of morning leaves
How grand to see the frost-king's spears
Hang, glist'ning from the eaves;
While on the window panes below,
With silent, cunning art
Are sketched quaint things, that plainly show
Some skillful master's part.

Methinks I see in every flake,
Of snow that settles down
A spark of hope, my life to wake
To deeds of true renown;
For, as the snowflakes from above,
Deck nature's bosom fair
E'en so may I through works of love
My soul for heaven prepare.

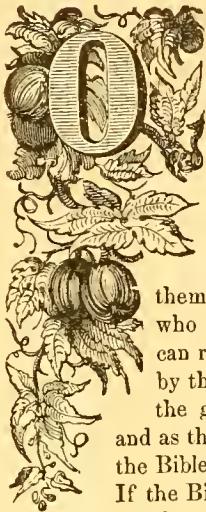
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

HOW TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.



NE of the features of our times is the growing unbelief in the Bible. The Editor remembers that when he was a boy, but very few people dared to doubt the truth of the Bible. Those who did, were looked upon as infidels, and in many instances were shunned. It was this belief in the Bible that, in the early days of our Church, gave our Elders such power to convince the people, and made them so successful in their labors; for no one who believes the Bible literally and truthfully can reject the gospel as revealed to and taught by the Elders of this Church. But men rejected the gospel and the testimony of the Elders, and as they rejected, doubt concerning the truth of the Bible began to grow. For what could they do?

If the Bible were true, that which they call "Mormonism" must be true also. But they could not bear the idea of "Mormonism" being true, so they chose the other alternative and indulged in doubts respecting the Bible. So-called Christian ministers set the example in this direction, and from them unbelief has spread until it has become so general.

We, as Latter-day Saints, have means of proving the Bible to be true. We are not left in doubt and uncertainty concerning it. Every child in this Church can know for himself that this is true. For instance, there are promises made in the Bible to those who believe in and obey the doctrines of Christ. When we bow in submission to His laws, we do our part. It is for God, then, to bestow the blessing; and He has done so unto His people, until in these mountains there is a community of people numbering tens of thousands who have proved for themselves that the Bible is true. The blessings they have received have not come from man. Man could not bestow them. They are the gifts of heaven, and the Lord Himself alone could bestow them. This is one method of proving the truth of the words of the Lord contained in the Bible. By this means also we may know that God lives and that Jesus Christ is His Son and the Redeemer of the world; and we can learn for ourselves that the gospel, which the world call "Mormonism," is from God.

There are other evidences also which men who are not of our faith can perceive, and by which they may know that this is the work of God, or, at least, that this work arouses against it the same opposition that that which was called the work of God in ancient days did. The Savior and His apostles were pure men. They taught a pure doctrine. Their lives were faultless. Their doctrines were perfect. Yet they were hated, they were persecuted, they were slain. The same doctrines in these days, as perfect as they were in ancient

days, preached by men of pure lives and holy desires, produce exactly the same results now that they did when Jesus was upon the earth. The Saints, for no crime of theirs, have been driven, and have suffered all manner of persecutions. Prophets and Apostles have been slain for no cause, except that they believed in and preached the truth.

Now, if any man doubts this, let him try it himself. Let him investigate the gospel, and as he becomes convinced of its truth, exhibit a desire or inclination to espouse it. He will then find in his own experience, that though his life may be blameless and his every desire pure, his former friends and associates, and kindred perhaps, will shun him and persecute him; and if he continues he will be compelled to make sacrifices for his boldness in examining the truth. No matter what his previous reputation may have been, or how much he may have been esteemed among his fellows, he will lose his good name whenever it becomes known that he is investigating "Mormonism," as it is called, or has any disposition to become a Latter-day Saint.

An instance of this kind has come to our knowledge quite recently:

A young man of intelligence, well educated, in fact, a graduate of a university, became interested, through visiting this city, in the religion of the Latter-day Saints. In pursuing his investigations he became acquainted with the condition of affairs here, and wrote some correspondence to the east to a newspaper of which he had long been the correspondent. Because he dared to speak some words favorably of us and our affairs, the paper declined to publish what he had written and censured him for his views. Now, he had not stated anything that was untrue, nor anything that was very favorable to the "Mormons," but had stated what he saw as a stranger visiting the city. But this was not all. His friends learned that he was inclined to look favorably upon the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints, and they began to show him, in a small way, the same feelings that have been shown to the whole people of this Church by those who are opposed to us. Now, this gentleman, if he were to open his eyes to see and were to reflect calmly upon the subject, would perceive that he was receiving, in his own person, and without any just cause, a taste of that persecution which the people of God have so freely received from those who are opposed to them. In this way he can prove to himself that when Paul, in the Bible, says that they who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, he may know for himself that the Bible is true, and that it describes actual occurrences, and that the Son of God did speak as He is credited with speaking in the Testament.

TIME heals all griefs, even the bitterest, and it is well that it should be so. A long-indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other seemingly hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathies for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, (in spite of all that melancholy poets write,) feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and blessed world we live in, and while life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is a sin.

FATIMA AKAR.

BY NEWAYGO.

IN Oriental countries, woman is so much secluded that it is a rare thing for one of the gentler sex to achieve any fame. Fatima Akar, who lived near the middle of the eighteenth century, was an exception to this rule. Her father, Mosul, held the rank of *valis* (governor) over a *vilayet* (province) in the eastern part of the Ottoman Empire. The governor was ambitious. He aspired to become a member of the *menasybi-divanii* (imperial council or cabinet). In execution of his aspiring designs he encroached stealthily, not only upon surrounding country possessed by other nations, but also upon the domain of his fellow-governors under the sultan's rule. On one of his predatory incursions he was accompanied by his daughter, a beautiful girl, who had grown to be a counselor and companion to him since he had no son. Unfortunately he was unsuccessful. And in an encounter with a rival *valis*, he was slain. When he fell his horde of troops beat a hasty retreat, carrying with them Fatima. But the victorious chief followed the flying party, and surrounded them. The Turks, without

a leader, yielded to the conqueror; and he was led to the quarter of the camp where Fatima was. The *valis* was much struck by her beauty; and offered her fair terms of peace. She feigned to accept them and allowed him to approach her in a gallant manner. Then without a word of warning she struck him dead with her jeweled dagger. Calling to her soldiers, in her father's name, she bade them rally. Her dar-

ing act had revived their dying courage, and joining her they fought with the tiger-like fierceness which characterizes Oriental warfare. The result was a complete victory for Fatima. Returning home she found her fame on every tongue in the province. And having the skill to mould opinion while it was warm in her favor, she soon gained the pronounced support and fealty of all the warriors in the *vilayet*. After this

she made several invasions of other provinces at the head of her little army. Thrice she was successful, and her name was being spread throughout the empire; when she was basely slain by one of her officers, to whom she had promised her hand in marriage, but whom she had neglected in her desire for conquest.

There have been many war-women who have achieved distinction in life and remembrance in history; but in modern times these cases have been isolated. Anciently, the legends say that there was a race of females whose lives were spent in warfare. They were called Amazons, and went to battle under the leadership of their queen, making conquests and founding cities and states. But little credence is given now to these tales; although an effort has been made to perpetuate the myth by modern French writers, some of whom give long and glowing accounts of a na-



tion of women living in the wilds of Africa, who disdain the daily society of men, and successfully devote themselves to making war upon neighboring tribes.

LORD NELSON.

(Continued from page 28.)

FTER defending Naples from the French, and taking, under Lady Hamilton's influence, a part in the affairs of that kingdom, which cannot be said to have added to his fame, Nelson was created Duke of Bronte by King Ferdinand. Early in the year 1800 he returned to England; but he was not allowed to enjoy repose. Up to that date Russia had, of all powers, been hostile to revolutionary France. But the Czar Paul, an eccentric sovereign, declared himself the champion of Bonaparte, and formed with Denmark and Sweden what was called the "Northern Confederacy" to destroy the maritime supremacy of England. This project roused the Addington cabinet to energy, and an armament was fitted out. Sir Hyde Parker was appointed commander-in-chief; but Nelson, who appeared as second in command, was in reality the soul and right arm of the expedition.

About the middle of March, 1801, the English fleet set sail from Yarmouth, and in nine days reached the Cattegat. Anchoring there, they learned from Mr. Vansittart—who, in the capacity of English ambassador, had left the fleet at Scaw and proceeded to Copenhagen—that the Danes were entirely disinclined to negotiate. Nelson, on hearing this, was opposed to any delay in commencing hostilities. But Sir Hyde Parker hesitated, and it was not till much time had been lost that the fleet passed the Sound, regarded by the Danes as "the key of the Baltic," and anchored between Copenhagen and the island of Huen.

It was the afternoon of the 30th of March when a council of war was held to decide on the course to be pursued. So great appeared the difficulty of attacking the Danes, that while Sir Hyde Parker sat irresolute and Nelson kept pacing, the cabin, several officers expatiated on the dangers to be encountered in the event of an attack.

"We must," said they, "bear in mind the number of Swedes and Russians whom we shall afterwards have to engage."

"The more numerous the better," cried Nelson, pouting his lip and moving the stump of his right arm. "I wish they were twice as many; the easier the victory, depend upon it. And," he continued, still pacing the cabin, while his breast swelled with a valor that knew no fear, and his brain flashed with an eccentric genius far more valuable than the wisdom of others, "I offer my services for the attack. Only give me ten sail of the line and the small craft."

"I will give you twelve ships and all the small craft, and leave everything to your judgment," said Sir Hyde Parker, inspired for a moment by the hero's enthusiasm.

The council having arrived at a decision, it was determined that the attack on Copenhagen should be made from the north; and Nelson busied himself night and day, making soundings and laying down buoys. Everything being in readiness, on the morning of Wednesday the 1st of April, the fleet moved to an anchorage within two leagues of the Danish capital, and off the end of a shoal known as the Middle Ground, lying exactly before the city, and extending along the whole sea-front.

News of the arrival of an English fleet off the Sound produced the most intense alarm at Copenhagen. The Danes, however, met the crisis with a courage worthy of men whose forefathers had been led by Sweyn and Canute. People of all ranks volunteered to serve their country in the hour of her

need. A mighty force was rapidly mustered; twelve hundred youths, furnished by the University, were constantly employed in the management of the guns; and the line of defense, consisting of nineteen ships and floating batteries, flanked by two formidable forts at the mouth of the harbor, and manned indiscriminately by soldiers, sailors and citizens, was arranged in the King's Chaunel, between the Middle Ground and the city.

But Nelson was no whit dismayed by the formidable preparations made for resistance. From anxiety, indeed, he could not be free; but his soul panted for the strife, and his brain glowed with anticipations of a signal triumph. At half past nine o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of April, the ships under his auspices weighed anchor and stood on toward Copenhagen. Three of them, owing to the indecision of the pilots, grounded, and disasters more fatal might have followed. But Nelson, in the *Elephant*, quitting the order of sailing, exerted himself to guide the fleet safely forward; and, though only one of the gunbrigs got into action, all of the remaining ships anchored as they arrived, and presented their broadsides to the Danes. A little after ten, when the Crown Prince of Denmark took his station on one of batteries to witness the conflict and issue orders, the battle began with a roar of guns.

Nelson had naturally been disconcerted by the accident that deprived him of three ships and so many gun-brigs. But no sooner did the battle fairly commence, than his countenance cleared, his eye glistened, and the remnant of his right arm began to move. But Sir Hyde Parker did not share the hero's elevation. Being at such a distance as only to observe the mishaps of the ships, and overestimating the disadvantages under which the English fought, he suffered the most painful anxiety, and, after the battle had lasted three hours without slackening, his suspense became intolerable.

"I will make the signal of recall for Nelson's sake," he said. "If he is in a condition to continue the action successfully, he will disregard the signal; if he is not, it will be a good excuse for his retreat, and no blame can be imputed to him."

"But," urged a captain, "would it not be well to delay till you communicate with Nelson?"

"No," said Sir Hyde, "the fire is too hot."

At this stage of the operations, Nelson, with a flaming eye and a determination to conquer, was pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant*. A shot through the mainmast knocked about the splinters. But he only smiled, and had just expressed the gratification he felt in being where he was, when the signal for discontinuing the action was observed.

"No. 39 is thrown out by the commander-in-chief," cried the signal officer. "My lord," he repeated, as at the next turn he met Nelson, who had paid no attention to the information, "No. 39 is thrown out; shall I repeat it?"

"No—acknowledge it," answered Nelson, as he continued his walk, and raised his glass to his blind eye. "I really do not see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

Along the line the action continued with unabated vigor; and while the English fought with characteristic courage, the Danes displayed a desperate resolution which elicited admiration from their foes. A boy of seventeen, named Villemoes, highly distinguished himself in the strife. Villemoes had obtained the command of a floating battery, which was a mere raft. But he got under the *Elephant's* stern, and made

a display of juvenile heroism which caused Nelson to exclaim that he ought to be an admiral.

But the conflict was too hot to last; and about two o'clock the Danes began to slacken their fire and to strike their colors. Half an hour later the contest became so irregular, and was carried on in such a way, that the Danes were not only shedding English blood, but slaughtering hundreds of their own countrymen. Nelson, whose humanity was aroused, retired to the stern galley of the *Elephant*, and penned a brief epistle to the Crown Prince.

"Vice Admiral Lord Nelson," he wrote, "has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defense which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English."

"What is the object of Lord Nelson's note?" inquired the Crown Prince.

"Lord Nelson's object in sending this flag of truce," wrote the hero, "was humanity. He therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore."

(To be Continued.)

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF MISSIONARIES.

ELDER BEDSON EARDLEY, while traveling in the Norwich conference, England, in June, 1875, held a camp meeting one Sunday near one of the large cities of his district. After the close of the services, seven repentant persons handed in their names and requested baptism. An appointment was accordingly made for the next evening, immediately after the close of a meeting for which arrangements had already been made.

Agreeable to his promise, Bro. Eardley proceeded the following evening to the place chosen for the baptism. His converts were ready for him and he had just entered the stream, leading a man by the hand, when a mob came upon the scene with loud shouts and curses. A large, strong man, whom he subsequently learned was a well-to-do blacksmith, emerged from the crowd. He walked to the bank of the creek, which was about four feet above the water in which Bro. Eardley was standing, and, with a heavy stick, dealt him a severe blow across the top of the head. So much force was exerted that it appeared as though the skull would certainly be crushed. But, strange to say, the Elder experienced not the slightest pain or inconvenience from the blow—the Lord had protected him. Notwithstanding the cruelty of the blow, he felt no desire to retaliate; for the Spirit whispered, "The Lord will take care of him."

The bitterness of this man did not cease, and it was finally predicted by an Elder of the Church that, as a punishment for his sins, he would be afflicted so that in his agony he would crawl along a wall and seek death but not find it. This prediction was very soon literally fulfilled: The man contracted an incurable disease, and was seen for months crawling along by a wall, vainly seeking death; and he expressed his belief that his affliction was a punishment for having so shamefully treated the "Mormon" Elder.

BROTHER Henry Walsh relates that while traveling in the Nottingham conference of the British mission, in 1879, he had to visit one town, Eastwood, wherein the Saints were so extremely poor, and the outside pressure was so great upon them that they were really incapable of keeping the Elders whose duty it was to visit them. The man at whose house they were previously entertained, had once owned considerable property, but because he united himself with the Saints, his former friends turned against him, he was deprived of his means and reduced to extreme poverty.

One Sunday, after every place of resort had apparently been closed, the Elders held a meeting in the town. After the services were ended, a lady member of the Church approached the stand leading her sister by the hand. This sister was afflicted with a disease that had baffled the skill of the best physicians in the country—her whole head and neck were one mass of ulcerated sores, and to look upon her was almost sickening. She was not in the Church, but having heard of the administration of the Elders, bad faith in them and applied for the healing ordinance.

She was anointed freely with oil, and Bro. Walsh then administered to her. While doing so, he felt to promise her that she should recover. After attending to these duties he left the house, and, while reflecting on what had been said, felt almost afraid that his predictions would not be fulfilled.

His duties called him to another part of his district whither he was gone about four weeks. Returning at the expiration of that time he was delighted to see the formerly afflicted girl entirely healed, and no mark or sign of sore was visible on her body. Her flesh had become as soft and fair as that of a new-born babe. This remarkable cure caused her father, who was in good circumstances, to look with favor upon the Elders; he opened his house to them, and the servants of God never lacked a warm welcome thereafter in that place. Thus did God open up the way before His servants as He promised He would do.

BROTHER David R. Gill, for some years a traveling Elder in Wales, relates the following incident of how the Lord opened up his way for him to perform a duty which he felt incumbent upon him.

"In the year 1876 I was living in a place called Ogmore Valley, South Wales. One Sunday morning I started from home to attend a district council which was to be held at a place twenty-four miles distant, and at which I felt it my duty to be present. I had no means with which to pay my fare on the railroad, and, therefore, resolved to walk to my destination as rapidly as possible, if no other means of conveyance was afforded me. The principal reason for my disliking this was because I could not possibly arrive in time for meeting. Still I started out with a prayer to the Lord that he would aid me in the performance of my duty.

"I made all possible haste towards the place of meeting. I had gone but a short distance, when, on nearing the base of a mountain over which I had passed, I beheld, lying in the grass, where, apparently, no person had been, three shillings. Joyfully I picked them up, feeling that God had provided the same for me, and hastened towards the railway station. I, however, lacked sixpence of the amount required for my railroad fare; but happening to call at the house of one of the Saints by the way, the brother who lived there, without knowing my circumstances, kindly made up the necessary amount for my passage, and I arrived at meeting in time. Thus did the Lord answer my prayer, and cause my faith in Him to increase."

FAITH AND INFIDELITY CONTRASTED.

BY J. H. W.

WE repeat it: there is no antagonism between philosophy and faith. Whatever the seeming oppositions of the present, all in the end will be perfect harmony. The gospel not merely overwhelms but comprehends all philosophy.

The star of science shines very beautifully indeed in its own sphere; but its light at best is a borrowed light, and its beams grow pale and vanish before the glories of the sun of righteousness.

Often as the comparison has been made the result has been uniform—the sun outshines the star. Astronomy tried it. When the old Ptolemaic system was exploded by Copernicus, the vaunted wisdom of men proclaimed that the Bible also was exploded. But the star-maker triumphed over the star-gazers.

The gospel may indeed be likened to a splendid palace which the Great Builder founded on a rock, digging deep and bolting it to the solid granite; and false religion to a building of fair appearance, but founded upon the sand, which, when the floods came and storms beat, falls into irretrievable ruin. False religion cannot endure investigation; but the gospel, though tried by the severest tests that science can devise, only reveals more fully its beauty and solidity. Instead of astronomy undermining the temple of gospel truth, it has led the greatest of astronomers to unite with Herschel in the exclamation, "The infidel astronomer is mad."

Geology tried it. She came forth boasting her discoveries, and declaring that she had been among the rocks and deep down in the caves of the earth, and that she had found the teachings of the Bible contradicted by the strata of pre-Adamic ages, and had read its epitaph deeply chiseled by Nature herself in everlasting stone. But now the geologists admit that we have no rule for the measurement of geologic time. The fact is, we are not so far out of the dust, and chaos, and barbarism of antiquity as we had supposed. Geologically speaking, the very beginnings of our race are still almost in sight. The most eminent geologists admit that the total age of our race is not of necessity greater than indicated by the Mosaic history of primeval times.

Anatomy also tried it. By all the appliances of modern science every bone, muscle and tissue of the human body has been examined; yet no one has discovered the secret springs of action of the human soul. The power of vision, the source of muscular action, the fountain of life, have all eluded the skill of man. These mysteries belong to Him whose goings forth are from everlasting, and whose ways are past finding out. Man with all his learning and skill cannot solve the problem of his own being.

And so with all other sciences. Many a wild hurricane has spent its force on this tree of life, but has only caused it to strike its roots deeper. The day is hastening when men of science will be the very first to recognize the authority of God. Already it is largely so. What infidel names can be placed over against Raphael, Reynolds, Rubens, Trumbull, West and Cole as painters, or what against Canova or Thorwaldsen in sculpture, or Christopher Wren in architecture, or Michael Angelo in all three? In poetry, Milton, Young, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Montgomery, Cowper, Watts, Wesley, Scott, Beattie, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Teunyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Hemans, Careys and hundreds of others

who were all believers in inspiration. As if religion only was entitled to sing, infidelity has never produced a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven or a Spohr. Where can infidelity find such a galaxy of peerless judges as Grotius, Selden, Blackstone, Hale, Mansfield, Wirt, Story, Kent and Frelinghuysen. Among physicians, none can outrank Harvey, Sydenham, Boerhave, Gregory, Goode, Cooper and Rush; yet these all revered the name of God. Infidel philosophy can boast no names like Bacon, Newton, Locke, Stewart, Davy, Herschel, Cuvier, Whately, Hamilton, Proctor, Winchell or Le Conte. Jesus was in His appropriate place when among the doctors; and the wise men of the east were never wiser than when they brought their royal gifts to Him.

But suppose the Strauses, and Calensas, and Renans and Ingersolls could do all they wish to do, what then? Suppose the Bible could be proved a bundle of fables and unreliable history, with no more authority than the Vedas of the Hindoos; that the gospel is a myth; that its Founder and His prophets and apostles are only "amiable enthusiasts;" that their followers are only a band of remarkable fanatics; that we have no authoritative declaration of the will of Jehovah; that our religion, which lies at the basis of our civilization, is itself baseless; that the Saints of God, as a people, live, move and have their being in a stupendous lie; that man himself is only an animal; what then?

If the being who made man has not had consideration enough for him to reveal to him His will, then he is not of the slightest consequence. These horrible wars which drown nations in sorrow, are the mere squabbles of a crowd of insects too insignificant for the divine notice. These dreams of moral purity, these aspirations after a higher life, these hopes of immortality, these outreachings toward the everlasting Father, the assumption that we have a nature higher than the horse we drive or the dog we caress, are all miserable mistakes. If there is no authoritative revelation from God, what better are we than the brute creation? When we have set revelation aside and renounced our hope of immortality and thrown off all our moral and religious obligations, and relinquished the leadership of the Savior, what shall we do for a restraining power to keep society together at all?

If men should be convinced that they are only animals, and that God takes no notice of them, whose property would be safe? Whose life would be sacred? Who would be secure from the unrestrained ravages of every base passion that finds its home in the human heart? When Christ, as a Divine Being, or as a man divinely commissioned, dies out of the popular faith, what then? Who shall comfort the hearts that mourn? Who shall assure us that virtue has a reward, or that there is any such thing as virtue? Who shall stimulate the love of brotherhood, and move men to works of benevolence? Who then would strive to raise the world out of its beastly degradation?

No candid observer will deny that whatever of good there is in our civilization is the product of the gospel. The very government under which we live was organized and established by men who were the instruments of God.

That which gives us protection by day and night—the dwellings we live in, the clothes we wear, the institutions of mental, social and moral culture—all these are the direct results of the revelations of God. A faith in God is the very fountain head of every thing that is desirable in our civilization, and this civilization is the flower of time. Humanity has reached its noblest thrift, its high-water mark, its loftiest flight of excellence through the influence of this faith.

And now we are told by infidels, in the most complacent language that the gospel is a myth, and that the Old Testament, which holds a relation to the New Testament and all other divine records as the blade holds to the ear, the bud to the flower, is a huge batch of absurdities with no valid claim to our respectful faith. We are told in effect that out of an ingenious lie, out of a cunning delusion, out of a baseless myth, out of a systematized falsehood has sprung all that there is in this life worth living for—the grandest motive of human progress in purity and power! We are, in effect, told that by means of a stupendous cheat, men are trained to goodness, purified of their passions, filled with love to one another, prompted to the highest heroism, inspired to sacrifices of life and fortune for the public good, and are built up into a civilization which is immeasurably superior to all that human nature, assisted merely by human reason and false religion, ever dreamed of!

We are, in effect, told all this; and we now ask reasonable men what they think of it. Who are the credulous men—those who believe in a divine power and personage, out of whose life has flown into humanity those pure principles and elevating and purifying motives—or those who believe that a lie has wrought those marvels?

Of all the credulous idiots that the age has produced, we know of none so pitiable as those who, in the full blaze of such a civilization as ours, soberly talk of the gospel as a myth and its Author as a cheat.

SAVAGE POLITENESS.

BY ROB. W. SLOAN.

WHILE yet the impression is strongly on my mind, I want to tell a couple of incidents about Indians which I learned while in Sanpete, and which ought to teach all a lesson. One of these relates to She-na-ba-wiken, the "White Horse Chief," about whom a story was told in the JUVENILE a short time ago. It was after a treaty of peace had been entered into between the Indians and the whites, and while there was still a lingering element of distrust on the one side, and something of slumbering hatred on the other.

The boys of Sanpete were herding in the mountain regions which skirt Sanpete Valley on the east. One night, or rather one evening, though it was about dark, the boys were camped at a point near which some of She-na-ba-wiken's tribe were located; and when they sat down for supper, several of the Indians gathered about the fire close by the boys. One Indian, however, stood aloof and watched the whites and his red brethren. The chief was recognized by a number of the party who called him by name. She-ua-ba-wiken advanced and a place was made for him at the camp meal; plate, knife and fork were given him, and he was helped to food just as those already seated had been.

Some may not know that men grow rather rough in the mountains and are inclined to overlook and be forgetful of those little acts of politeness which are observed without thought when in places where the civilized influences of home prevail; but such is the case. So the boys sat at the meal with their hats on. As soon as She-na-ba-wiken had been provided with everything and before beginning to eat, he gently took off his hat, laid it on the ground beside him and

began his meal. I can imagine the peculiar sensation which the boys felt when they saw that a savage—one who had never felt any of the refining influences which civilized people learn instinctively—recalled to them a sense of the duty they owed each other; and the rebuke, for such they must have felt it, though doubtless without thought on the part of the "White Horse Chief," could only have been the more severe as it was administered with such a delicacy and a modest politeness as would have graced the most polished courtier, and given a lustre to the gentlest nature.

The Indians, after the treaty of peace, became quite intimate with Brother P. C. Peterson, of Ephraim, Sanpete County, and often stopped at his place, rested and fed their horses and had what food they desired themselves. One time—and I want to state here that it was before the conversion of the Lamanites to the principles of the gospel of Christ as taught by the Saints—quite a party of Indians stopped at Brother Peterson's house. He was absent, and his wife was alone. The Indians inquired for him, and learning that he was away, asked to be given food. Mrs. Peterson invited them into the house and spread out a meal before them. The dusky red men seated themselves about the table. A few words were spoken among them, when all heads were bowed, and in their own peculiar language one of the party invoked a blessing on the food they were about to eat.

My friends: you who are read in history, you who are most acquainted with deeds of unlooked for kindness, who know most regarding acts of unexpected politeness, I want you to point to a single instance in all your experience, in your vast reading, which, for nobleness of sentiment, for simplicity of goodness and for delicacy of politeness, surpasses the simple story above told! These poor, untutored savages, wicked at heart, often, cruel in spirit and in deed, are imbued with a sense of politeness which would put to shame some of the most remarkable instances reported in the history of civilized races. What did they care for the blessing? Absolutely nothing. Was it a custom for which they individually cherished any respect? No. But they had eaten at the same table before: they had seen the master and the mistress of that house, before partaking of the food ready for their consumption, bow their heads and in humbleness of heart return thanks to the Great Being who had blessed them with the health and strength by which the food was procured; and they knew it was the custom of the house beneath which they were roofed. They were not versed in those superficial and too often hollow sentiments of gratitude which find expression through the lips, but which the heart seldom feels. They could not praise the excellence of the meat, the whiteness of the bread nor the sweetness of the butter; of these things they knew nothing; but with that nobility of nature which is characteristic of true manhood before contaminated by the destroying influences which constitute the evils peculiar to some civilized communities, and which are encouraged under the belief that they inculcate refinement—with that nobility of gratitude and fine perception of what is truly polite, they bowed their heads, and in all earnestness, in all solemnity observed the customs of the household, returned thanks for what was before them and craved a blessing on it and on those by whom it had been provided. I would have given a great deal to have beheld that solemn spectacle. Some may laugh at it as ridiculous, and some may attribute it to an ignorant imitation; but the impression it left on my mind will be lasting, for it shows that we may be taught humbleness, gratitude and true politeness even by a savage.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

THIRD EVENING.

Mother. "My little boys are so noisy again tonight, I don't know that I can think of anything to talk to them about."

Second boy. "Yes, mother, please tell us more about Adam and Eve, and we will be still."

M. "What was the name of the garden in which Adam and Eve lived?"

First boy. "Eden, and it had fine fruit in it."

M. "What did the Lord say to them about the fruit?"

First boy. "He said they could eat of all the fruit in the garden, only that which grew on one tree."

M. "And did they remember to do as the Lord told them?"

Second boy. "No, the 'bad man' went there and told them to eat the fruit that the Lord said they must not eat; and they did it. What made the Lord let the 'bad man' go into His garden?"

M. "I do not know, unless it was to see if Adam and Eve would do right anyhow, even if the 'bad man' did tell them to do wrong. The Lord knew how it would all come out, and made His plans beforehand. Can you tell what became of Adam and Eve after they disobeyed the Lord, and had eaten of the fruit He told them not to take?"

First boy. "The Lord drove them out of His garden, didn't He?"

M. "Yes, He sent them out."

Second boy. "What did Adam and Eve have to eat after the Lord sent them out of His garden?"

M. "They had to plant seeds and raise grain and fruit for themselves and their children to eat."

Second boy. "What were their children's names?"

M. "Don't you remember the name of their son who was wicked and killed his brother?"

First boy. "I do; it was Cain, and the brother that he killed was named Abel. What made Cain kill Abel, mother?"

M. "Because Cain was wicked, and was angry when he knew the Lord loved his brother, who was good, more than himself."

First boy. "Did the Lord make wicked Cain?"

M. "He did not make him wicked."

First boy. "Does the Lord make the folks who are wicked?"

M. "He is the Father of us all, until some get so bad that He can no longer own them as His children."

Second boy. "Are we going to bed now?"

M. "Yes, and we will talk more to-morrow, if we can."

A PRIMARY QUESTION AND ANSWER.

A HUNDRED children listening
To a visitor's address;
With glowing cheeks and beaming eyes,
Their eagerness express.

"You're greatly blest, dear little ones,"
Exclaims their lady friend;
"How many of you know from whom
Your blessings all descend?"

A hundred little hands are raised,
Sweet is the answer given:
"I know from whom our blessings come—
Our Father, God, in heaven."

"I'm very glad," the friend remarks,
"To find that you all know;
For He alone can give good gifts,
And blessings great bestow."

"Suppose our homes, and all we have,
Were spoiled by wicked men;
And we were put in prisons dark,
Who would sustain us then?"

Again the hundred hands are raised,
Again in sweet accord,
A hundred infant voices shout,
"I know! I know! The Lord!"

Oh, happy mothers, whose pure lips
These holy lessons give;
In whose blest offspring's guileless hearts,
This dauntless faith can live!

No worldly honor, wealth or fame,
Can offer such reward,
As Zion's mothers claim to-day,
Whose children know the Lord.

LULA.

DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING.

THE regular meeting of the Union was held on Monday, Jan. 7th, 1884, in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall. General Superintendent George Q. Cannon presided. President W. Woodruff, Asst. Gen. Superintendents Geo. Goddard and John Morgan, and other Union and Stake S. S. officers were on the stand.

After music by the 21st Ward Brass Band, the meeting opened with singing by the choir and prayer by Elder John Vincent.

Minutes of the December meeting were read and accepted.

Supt. John Cowan gave a brief but excellent report of the 5th Ward Sunday school. It was attended by nearly all the children in the Ward. The Sunday school missionaries had been out one Sunday with good results.

Supt. Arnold G. Giauque, of the 6th Ward Sunday school, reported that since the Sunday morning visiting had been started, several weeks previously, the school had increased twenty per cent. in the attendance. Some individuals had been induced to attend who had not been in the school or at meeting for two or three years.

Prof. Jos. J. Daynes gave an organ solo.

Assistant Stake Secretary Jos. H. Parry then read the following:

The Salt Lake Stake Sunday School organization, being desirous of encouraging punctual and regular attendance in the Sunday schools of the Stake, and the commencing of schools promptly at the appointed time, and also the maintaining in each school of as full an organization as possible through the coming year, offer the following prizes, subject to the conditions stated below:

To the school that reports the largest percentage in punctual and regular attendance of officers and teachers during the year, first prize, \$20.

To the school showing the next largest percentage, second prize, \$15.

To the school showing the next highest percentage, third prize, \$10.

To the school showing the fourth highest percentage, fourth prize, \$5.

Rules.—1. The first prize is offered to those schools only that maintain the following complete organization during the year 1884, namely: Superintendent, with first and second Assistants, a secretary, treasurer and librarian. It will, however, be allowable for one person to hold two offices, the duties of which do not conflict; and in the report such person, when punctual, may receive a credit for each of his offices.

2. The prizes will be paid in Sunday school books to be selected by a committee appointed by each school winning a prize.

3.—The prizes will be awarded on the reports of the Sunday schools to be made on special blanks, which will be supplied by the Stake Secretary at the end of the year. Such blanks will show the following headings: No. of officers and teachers enrolled; No. of officers and teachers punctual each Sunday; No. of times school is held during the year; No. of times school opened punctually at the appointed time.

4. The S. S. officers of the Stake will be the judges.

All the Sunday schools of the Stake are expected to compete for the prizes.

Elder George Reynolds stated that as the minutes of these meetings are published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and *Deseret News*, it had been deemed best to discontinue the practice of reading them at these meetings.

A class of seven little girls from the 5th Ward Sunday school very sweetly sang, "Only an armor bearer," the chorus being rendered by the choir.

Asst. Supt. George Goddard felt already much encouraged at the results of the labors of the Sunday school visitors. Called special attention to the prizes offered by the superintendency of the Salt Lake Stake. He was much gratified at the reform that is being wrought throughout Zion. In regard to the observance of the Word of Wisdom, he was much pleased that greater progress had been made during the last few months than he ever saw before.

Pres. W. Woodruff said there is no north, no south, no east, no west, no primary association, no Sunday school, no mutual improvement association, no relief society and no Priesthood in these valleys that has a separate and divided interest from the rest, for we all belong to the kingdom of God. He had seen many reformatory efforts, but the one that had taken place within the past six months had been one of the quietest and best he had ever witnessed. The spirit of our last general conference had pervaded and continued with the Saints in these mountains, particularly with regard to the observance of the Word of Wisdom. This he had noted especially during his recent visit to St. George. He prayed the Lord to bless the Sunday School Union which had been organized for the benefit of the youth of Zion.

Sister Bird, of the 5th Ward Sunday school, sang, "Let us treat each other kindly;" music by Bro. J. S. Lewis and words by Sister Lula G. Richards.

Asst. Supt. John Morgan related some very interesting incidents of his early experience in the Church and of his labors in the south as a missionary. He related them as testimonies given him of the divine truth of the Book of Mormon and of the great Latter-day work.

Music by the brass band.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon said that where there is so large a proportion of children as there is among us—which is very much larger than among any other community of the same size—particular pains should be taken to train them in the right way. They should be taught respect for old age and also to reverence God and all holy places. The people are, he was happy to say, making great progress, but much remains to be done in inculcating a proper regard for age and for sacred things. He was well pleased with the reports given and would like to see every child attending the Sunday school. Brother Morgan's missionary experience reminded him of some of the manifestations of the power of God that occurred during his first mission on the Sandwich Islands, which he related to show the overruling providences of the Lord in accomplishing His purposes.

The choral music rendered during the evening by the 5th Ward Sunday school choir and orchestra, under the direction of Brother George Clark, was excellent.

The 6th Ward Sunday school was appointed to furnish music, doorkeepers and a report of the school at the next meeting. A lecture by Brother George M. Ottinger was announced for the occasion.

Closed with singing, "Israel Awake," by Brother Charles Durrans and the choir. Benediction by Superintendent J. C. Cutler.

SACRAMENT PRAYER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

In re - mem - brance of Thy suffer - ing, Lord, these emblems we par - take, When Thyself Thou gav'st an
offering—Dying for the sinner's sake. We've for - giv - en as Thou bid - dest All who've
trespassed a - gainst us, Lord for - give as we've for - giv - en All. Thou seest a - miss in us.

Purify our hearts our Savior,
Let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy
Of Thy Spirit, day by day.
When temptations are before us
Give us strength to overcome;
Ever guard us in our wanderings,
Till we leave our earthly home.

When Thou comest in Thy Glory
To this earth to rule and reign,
And with faithful ones partakest
Of the bread and wine again,
May we be among the number
Worthy to surround the board
And partake anew the emblems
Of the sufferings of our Lord.

ENIGMA.

For me the saint will break his word;
By the proud atheist I'm revered;
At me the coward draws his sword,
And by the hero I am feared

As vice deformed, as virtue fair,
The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains,
The poet's purse, the coxcomb's eare,
Guess, and you'll have me for your pains.

Scorned by the meek and humble mind,
Yet often by the vain possessed;
Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind:
And to the troubled conscience rest.

Than wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
And yet by every blockhead known;
I'm freely given by the miser,
Kept by the prodigal alone.

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